



LEONIEFF, THE BISMARCK OF MENELIK.

## MENELIK AND HIS BISMARCK

"Bismarck" is a Russian, Who May Get Menelik to Help Him Grab the Whole Valley of the Nile for His Peace-Loving Master, the Czar.

To the average English or French "exploring expedition," which is a diplomatic way of styling an armed force sent forth by either of those countries for loot in the form of new territory—there is nothing so useful in the way of an ally as a "native king." One of these worthies can be used as a stalking horse, at a comparatively insignificant expense, for almost any dubious enterprise or forlorn hope. And if the "exploring expedition" is caught in its little game by the diplomatic agents, or the newspaper correspondents, of the other nation it is the simplest thing in the world to lay the blame on the dusky shoulders of the "native king," who, as a general thing, is thoroughly deserving of any punishment that can be inflicted on him.

Of all the numerous plans which the British government now has under way for the aggrandizement of her colonial possessions there is no single one that occupies so important a place in the thoughts and hopes of the foreign office as the "Cape to Cairo" railroad scheme which had its birth in the fruitful brain of Cecil Rhodes of South Africa. The scheme is not exactly a new one since work has been going on for the furthering of it for a year or more. But additional interest has been called to it of late by Kitchener's victories in the Sudan, and by the fact that during the recent visit of Lord Kitchener to Queen Victoria, Her Majesty conversed with the hero of Khartoum for a long time on the subject and displayed considerably more interest in the matter than in anything which has been called to her attention for some years. As is not unusual in the history of the progress of one of England's colonial schemes a "native king" is interfering considerably with this particular scheme—the native ruler in this case being no less a potentate than King Menelik of Abyssinia.

Menelik has been for many years past one of England's principal bugaboos. His present activity has taken the form of moving, at the head of his army of 20,000 men from Addis Ababa, to quiet the rising of Ras Mangaschela's army of 6,000 men. The disapprobation between the size of Menelik's army and that of the army of the French expedition of Marchand nor to hinder it in any way, neither is he likely to antagonize the English. If he can further his own plans for the enriching of his kingdom, however, he is as likely to join forces with France as with England. England has determined

that if he attempts to check the progress of the "Cape to Cairo" railroad he will follow the road that the Mahdi had to walk. England is determined to make a practical and speedy answer to "Cecil Rhodes" cabined query from Cape Town to General Kitchener at Khartoum, "When are you coming down?" She is going down, at once.

In treating with King Menelik, the British government has to keep its eyes carefully alert as to the actions of Menelik's principal adviser, a Russian soldier of fortune named Leonieff. This worthy, who is Menelik's Bismarck, is filled with an undying hatred of the English and his head is full of schemes, in the event of a general European war which will find England matched against Russia, of throwing Menelik's army of 20,000 men against the British forces in Egypt and the Sudan, and seizing the whole valley of the Nile for his peace-loving master, the Czar.

Leonieff first came into prominence in African affairs after Menelik's defeat of the Italian expedition. He was said to be at the head of a band of missionaries who were endeavoring to convert Menelik and his followers to the Russian church. He was reported to have carried to the Abyssinian king 100 Bibles from the Czar.

When the "Bibles" arrived at the king's court, however, they were found to be large packing cases full of nice, shiny Martini. The gift of those "Bibles" was so very opportune that Menelik took Leonieff into his favor at once, and since then he has been a thorn in the flesh of the British diplomatic and military body. A "native king" with an advisor like this Russian is apt to cause a large number of additions to England's output of blue-books.

The route for the railway which Cecil Rhodes is advocating from Cape Town to the shores of the Mediterranean is 4,000 miles long. Of that distance, 1,500 miles is already completed, leaving 2,500 miles to be built. Mr. Rhodes intends to pioneer his railway with the telegraph. A telegraph line has already been established to the center of Nyassaland, and by next April it will reach the shores of Lake Tanganyika. Then the telegraph line is pushed along preliminary surveys are made for the railroad.

From the northward the railway has been pushed forward steadily by a force accompanying the Anglo-Egyptian army which only the other day succeeded in conquering the Mahdi. The road is already completed to Berber which is to be one of the important junctions of the road.

From Alexandria to Girgeh, a distance of over 200 miles more, there is a railway in active operation. From Berber a side line is to be built to Suakin, on the Red Sea. This will be a sort of feeder for the main line, putting it in communication with the immense traffic which goes through the Red Sea on its way to and from the Suez Canal.

From Bulawayo to Beira, on the Indian ocean, is to be another side line, a section of which is already completed. And it is also proposed to connect the main line with Lake Nyassa, and by that route put out another spur to the Indian ocean at Chinde. The line from Chinde to the lake is nearly completed.

From the lake to the main line, at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, is less



## MURILLO'S "PORTIUNCULA" RESTORED AND FOR SALE.

Famous Spanish Masterpiece of the Wonderful Vision of St. Francis on Exhibition in Cologne.

In all European art circles interest is centered at present in the restored painting, "The Portiuncula," by the famous Spanish painter, Murillo, now on exhibition in Cologne. The canvas is one of the most renowned of old historical paintings, but had fallen into disrepute because of the faulty overpainting that had been done on it. The original colors were lost under the smears which had been applied by unskilled hands from time to time in attempts to restore the work.

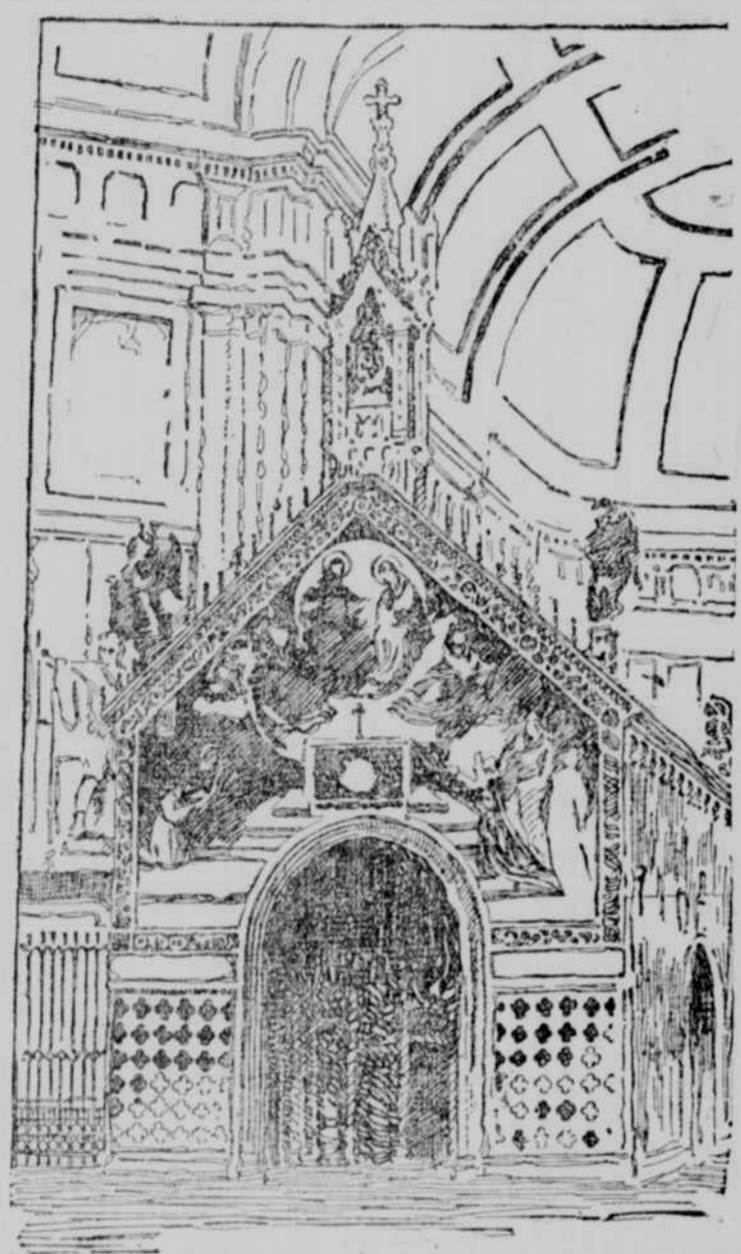
than 100 miles. A third tributary line will go by way of Uganda, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, to the Ocean at Mombassa. The line from Mombassa inland has already been built for a considerable distance.

When Cecil Rhodes' railroad reaches the foot of Lake Tanganyika there will really have to be built only about 1,000 miles of road to open up a direct line of communication from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, for the lake is navigable, and north of it lie Lakes Albert and Edward Nyanza, which are also navigable. The plan is to connect these lakes by short lines and place steamboats on them at first, a railroad to skirt them later.

From the northern end of this system of navigation to Berber is about 1,000 miles. For two months in the year even this 1,000 miles of railway will not be necessary for the maintaining of a through route from "Cairo to the Cape," for two months in the year the Nile, of which the Nyanza lakes are the sources (as navigable as far south as the equator), is in flood, and the river is impassable. For steady traffic, however, the railway is necessary and that is what England's queen expects to live to see built.

Now, the question uppermost is whether Menelik and his Bismarck have taken a dislike to this railroad and whether, after all, they may not have concluded to stop it right where it is.

W. B. MCCORMICK.



CHURCH OF THE PORTIUNCULA, WHERE THE MIRACULOUS ROSE BUSHES GROW.

Therefore, the surprise and delight of art lovers are measureless at the knowledge that the old picture has been restored to its first brilliancy and glory, and that it is on the market. A Cologne art dealer bought it from the Prince of Borbon in Madrid, and bringing it to Cologne, it was found that the overpainting, which impaired its value, consisted entirely of lime colors, which could be removed by careful manipulation without causing any injury to the original painting.

A local specialist named Fridt undertook to remove the overpainting and succeeded so well that the canvas now stands in all the wonderful attractiveness that made its early reputation. The minor defects, like blisters and streaks, caused by too close contact with candle flames, have been touched up so as to be unnoticeable, and the painting is once more of great value.

PAINTED FOR CAPUCIANS.

It represents the chapel of San Francisco of Assisi, known as the Portiuncula, and which is still standing under the dome of the massive church of St. Mary of the Angels, near Assisi, in the Umbria Valley, about half way between Florence and Rome.

Murillo painted it for the Capucian Church in Seville, it being one of the series done by Murillo for the glorification of that order. Early in this century the "Portiuncula" was taken from the church in Seville by the infant Don Sebastian and placed in his palace at Pau. It was from his heirs, the Prince of Borbon, that the Cologne dealer made the recent purchase.

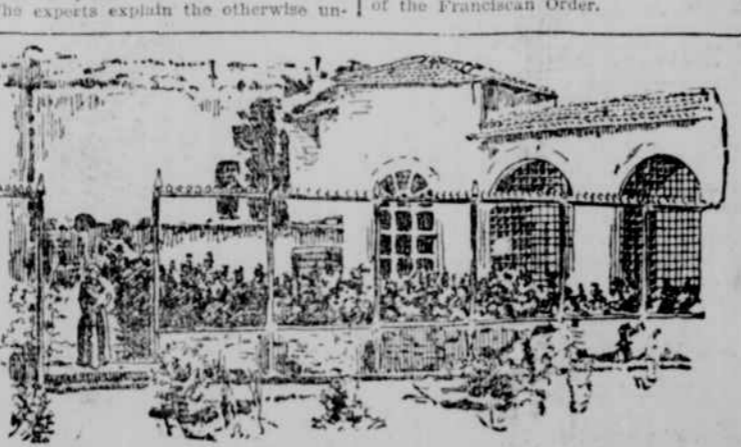
The experts explain the otherwise un-

The name "Portiuncula" pertains particularly to a feast of the Capucian Order in commemoration of a wonderful vision of St. Francis. The sanctuary called the Portiuncula was built by four Capucian pilgrims from Jerusalem in honor of the mother of the Lord during the pontificate of Liberius, 335-337 A. D. The chapel, in which a relic from the tomb of the Holy Virgin was placed, was dedicated to Our Lady of the Valley of Jehonaphat.

VISIT OF ANGELS.

It soon became famous because of the many graces received in it by the faithful and by the frequent visits of the angels, who sang the praises of their Queen there. For that reason to the new church subsequently built, was given the name of St. Mary of the Angels. Benedictus took possession of the Portiuncula in the sixteenth century and had it restored. It had been allowed to crumble almost to uselessness.

In the twelfth century, so goes the belief of the Brotherhood, the prayers of the devout Lady Pica, who was childless, were heard in the chapel. Soon afterward she became the mother of St. Francis of Assisi. As he approached manhood St. Francis loved the chapel better than his life and restored it with his own hands. In it he received the call to the religious life and later founded the Franciscan Order. Dom Pietro, abbot of the Benedictine monastery of Mount Subasio, then presented the Portiuncula to him on condition that it should ever remain the mother church of the Franciscan Order.



MURILLO'S PAINTING OF MADONNA AND ANGELS. EUROPEAN ART CIRCLES ARE ASTH OVER ITS RECENT RESTORATION.

## THE OLD-TIMER TALKS AGAIN.

Visits Clarksville and Tells What He Knows About It.

### THE TOWN A YOUNG GIANT.

Mr. Russell Makes Good Use of His Appetite—An Up-to-Date Hotel—Some of the People Who Carved the Early History of the Place.

CLARKSVILLE, Dec. 20.—Special.—Being here and seeing that the old town has taken itself out of the old rut—shaken, herself like a young giant—and "turned her face to the morning" of prosperity, I concluded that as no one else seemed ready to offer her "a mead of praise," to say a word for her. There was many years ago a very bright "drummer" who visited there in his rounds. On one occasion in talking with a batch of leisurely old citizens he remarked that this is the only town he had ever visited which had outdone God Almighty. "How so?" asked the crowd. "Well," said the commercial traveler, "you are located at the head of a splendid stream, the Roanoke river, at the confluence of the Dan and Staunton, both fine streams, and on the three there are three hundred and fifty battalions taking put and bringing in valuable freight, you have around you the only portion of the earth where cotton, wheat and tobacco, the three great staples of American commerce can be grown successfully on the same land, you have the cheapest living, from the finest back country of any people in all my travels, your streets are often so crowded with tobacco wagons that they are impassable, you, in spite of yourselves, are the third tobacco market in the State, and generally 'the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places,' and God has tried in vain to make a prosperous town, for the people will not let him."

AN OLD DEBT.

An ante bellum debt has hung like an incubus over the town for many years, but the young blood has prevailed, and there has been a most satisfactory settlement made, and the former "wilderness" will "blossom as the rose."

Evidences of prosperity are now everywhere manifest, the chiefest being the Russell wagon factory. Mr. Russell, who like the most of us, was left by the war with nothing but his appetite, started in a very modest way, gradually building up his trade until his work became well known, now, Russell & Son, are working over forty men, and selling all the wagons as fast as they can be turned from the factory, and I speak from experience when I say that it is the best wagon I have ever used in fifty years.

The Hotel Grace is, I suppose, the finest to be found at any town of this size in the State. There are forty rooms furnished in regular city style—with bath-rooms on each floor, with hot and cold water. The table is supplied beautifully with the best native and imported goods. The attendance is first-class, and I hear that the management will soon have Colonel James T. Alexander there to see after the comfort of the guests. If this happens it will be a sine qua non of hotels.

Gilliland's Hotel must not be forgotten, for, while it is not so pretentious in dimensions as the Grace, old-fashioned hospitality shows in every lineament of "Lewis" genial countenance, and his house is as neat as a new pin and all the surroundings most inviting.

THE CHURCHES.

The churches are well kept and well attended and a moral tone prevails amongst the citizens, which is most admirable. I had the pleasure of meeting for a few minutes Mr. and Mrs. Whaley. Mr. Whaley was the pastor of the Presbyterian church here, for I think, over forty years. He was loved by all who knew him, and it will distress many to hear that he is now almost helpless. His

labor "in the vineyard" have been onerous, and his call "from labor to refreshment," while it must come in nature's course, will be a season of relief to that corps which he is destined to join, and sons of deliverance will greet him, which will make him look back upon his earthly pilgrimage with a pleasure re-unspeakable.

An artist who would select the face of Mrs. Whaley for a "Madonna" would find that he had succeeded as a man of true judgment, for her lineaments are by nature of precisely that cast.

There are few people left in Clarksville who were known then in the olden days and everything in nature is changed. When as a school boy, I first knew the town, old Mr. Clark Boys-er was living and I heard him say that, when he was a young man, that he had stepped from the river bank to the "nocturnal rock," which rock is now perhaps 40 yards from the bank.

It is the early 40s, the ferry was owned by Mr. James Sommer-ell and the old negro ferryman, Six and Felix, went straight across, from shore to shore. Now, the island has grown down the river and the crossing is by two boats, lashing on the island and passengers changing from one to the other.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

In the old days Mr. Waddell manufactured wool hats at the corner of Main and Beauty streets, and Jimmy Drew made cakes and bread, and sold candy from a stand on the street.

"I can't remember," Billy being engaged in a romantic trade, Billy being the horseman, and from him as one of the party originated the saying "sock him Grey!"

Caleb Turner was one of the chief landlords of the town, and it was in his hotel that Jim Garden told the lady of Cotters escape from the Oxford jail, and his subsequent depredations.

It was also in "Uncle" Caleb's private house where the game of "too" flourished, and where a party playing, and "Uncle" Caleb lying quietly on the bed, was some half luck overtook a particular friend of his, when the following ensue:

"Caleb, are you asleep?"

"No," said Caleb.

"Lend me ten dollars, Caleb."

"Sleep now," said Caleb.

"Uncle" Caleb emigrated to Clarksville from a Vermont, I think, in the twenties, and his brother, Henry settled in Raleigh, N. C., where he made a fortune in a bookstore and issued Turner's North Carolina and Virginia Almanac. He told me on one occasion that the gentleman who calculated for the almanac had been right in his manuscript and had predicted little or no rain for the summer months.

"That," said Mr. Turner, "no rain in June, July nor August? It won't do, sir. There must be rain then or the farmers won't buy our almanac."

"B. U.," said the mathematician, "the almanac does not point to rain, and I would be re-usable to put it in unless the signs pointed that way."

"Well," said the publisher, "I am to send it and sell this almanac and I know that it will not give satisfaction without rain in it during the summer, and I want you to take it back home with you and put plenty of rain in it whether the signs say so or not."

AN OLD TIMER.

This was done, and the almanac lost none of its pristine popularity.

"Uncle" Billy Puryear, the last of the old timers, is yet in good health and memory. He is an elder brother of that distinguished educator, Bennett Puryear, who is so well known as a statesman among the learned men of our State.

"Uncle" Billy used to "run with the boys," and I reckon that few people in this or any other State have enjoyed life more than he. In the "sere and yellow" of age he has joined the church, and enjoys a good old age "that peace which passeth all understanding."

An "evangelical old man. May you yet have a great city."

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